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THE LOVES OF THE BOUNCERS.

A Very Pathetic Story.

Samuel Bouncer was a robust young butcher, who wore a hat with crapes on it, and had red morocco tops to his boots. He was also of a noble and aristocratic mien, and owned a stall in the market. He had an uncle in the marine corps, and his mother was cross-eyed; yet notwithstanding this, he had connected himself with a house company, while his temperament tended to the bilious, while his dog was a double-nosed terrier with a weakness for beef, and a yellow spot on his left shoulder. Sam also had a slightly bald head, and butchered on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Samuel was in love, and with a girl. While yet in the prime of his manhood, with all the grace of youth upon him, and beef selling for twenty-two cents a pound for the good pieces, Samuel bestowed his affections upon a fair maiden, who resided in the dwelling adjoining his own. Somewhere about twenty summers had shed their softest carresses upon her head, and while her education was all that the most fastidious could desire, she still weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds on Samuel's scales, and had a ringing, musical laugh that affected you like a strain of music wafted on the midnight air—like a glow club straining itself under a window.

Her hair was luxuriant, and black as any night—last Saturday night, for instance—and she mingled the blueness of the lark with the hearty appetite of an ostrich.

Such was the ethereal creature to whom Samuel Bouncer had given his heart. I have said she weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. So she did, all but a few ounces, which Sam made up by throwing a chop or two on the scales. But she was not on the wait; on the contrary, she was anxious to be married at once, and one calm summer evening, when Sam had come home from market, he leaned her fair young head on his shoulder, and would have gazed his coat with pomade, while she told him how ardently she desired their union, had it not been that he wore his butcher's shirt.

Sam tenderly kissed her on her marble brow, and wiped the dew from the end of her lovely nose with his shirt-sleeve. "You have dressed yourself in your noblest attire to meet me. How marvelously beautiful you look!" ejaculated Sam, in accents of the tenderest affection. "Yes, I've got on my new gored dress. How do you like it, Sammy?"

"Ah, beautiful, beautiful! And my dress, too, is gored," said Sammy, pointing to the clots of blood upon his sleeve. A few moments of profound silence elapsed. The occasion was so solemn for words. Then said Sallie Jane—for that was her name: "Oh, Sam, do you truly love me?"

"With my whole heart," said Sam; "and heart is worth seventeen cents a pound."

"And you love none but me?" she murmured again.

"Have I not often told you so before?"

"Yes, Sammy; but a pang will shoot through my heart sometimes, when I think of the 'V' of your name."

"But, Sallie, did I not reveal my vows always to be true. The fact that I possess your affection is one of my chief delights, although there is an active demand for lights, now the dog-catcher has knocked off."

"But perchance some other maiden more fair than I might dazzle you with her beauty, and rob me of your love."

"Believe me, Sallie, I steel myself against such sirens. No other woman shall parlor my heart from you; I listen to no tale of love from other lips than yours. Tails bring seventy-five cents for soup now, to be sure, but I have supreme contempt for lucre gained by treachery."

"Oh, my dear Samuel!" exclaimed Sallie Jane, as, overcome with her feelings, she bowed her head and wept tears of joy.

"Yes, angel of my soul," continued he, "I can not hide my love. I will marry you and you alone. I'll wear your next my heart, as I do this piece of rib-bone;" and he snatched a ribbon from her hair, and stuck it to his shirt.

"Samuel, I derive hope and consolation from your words. Kiss me, and mind you do not act as if you were sucking cider through a straw and were pressed for time."

A few moments elapsed, and not a sound broke upon the still night air, but a subdued sob like tearing a piece of muslin.

"You're one of the right stripe," exclaimed Samuel, as he leaned back in his

chair. "I'd chop my head off for you, I would, upon my sacred honor as a butcher."

"Oh, Samuel, that you would love me thus always," answered Sallie.

"Love you! Our love is something more than human; it is destined to immortality. I have too much to eat to eat you idly by. I have, or I am a Dutchman."

"And when shall we be married, Sammy?" said Sallie Jane, taking a pin out of her dress belt, so that the affectionate Sam should not lacerate his fingers.

"When shall we stand at Hymen's altar, and plight our vows?"

"Stand at which, and do how?" exclaimed Samuel, who was defective in his heathen mythology, although he could dress a beef inside half an hour.

"When shall we be married, I meant, Sammy dear?"

"Just whenever you please, Sallie; I live for you alone. If you should cast me off, I should cease to be a liver. I'd blow my brains out with a marrow-bone."

"Make it a week from Tuesday, then, with the orthodox ceremony."

"Which ox?"

"Orthodox, dear; be married in meeting, you know. No cards; only friends of the family invited."

"It is meat that it should be so. I'll take you for better or worse, for richer or poorer, and I'll cleave to you through life. I've had some experience as a cleaver."

Thus did the two young persons sit and converse in tender accents, as the soft moon hung her radiance over the landscape, and flooded with lovely light the front doorstep of Sallie Jane's house, while the old man lay snoring on the settee in the back room, waiting for Samuel to be gone, so that he could lock up the house.

And so they were married at last; and down the pathway of life, strewn with flowers as it was, the two loving hearts bounded joyously for about two weeks, when they stopped bounding joyously, on account of Sallie's pounding Samuel, her own Samuel, over the frontpiece with the sauce-pan, because he wanted to make hash out of the old scraps he had left over twice a week.

Sheep or Dogs—Which?

Col. Colman: To every Missourian this is an important question. With lands admirably adapted to the production of mutton and wool, we might add millions to the productive industry of the State but for the dogs. Dogs bring no revenue, are an expense to every owner, and render sheep raising impossible. They are a nuisance that ought to be abated in some way. I believe a law was passed, by our Legislature, giving the citizens of any county the right to vote whether dogs should be taxed or not; but the owners of dogs being in the ascendancy, the dogs are allowed to run at large, and sheep production is stopped. Farmers must become enlightened on these matters. They want to try every thing they can to make a living, and yet they dare not raise sheep, for they will be destroyed. One source of industry is cut off. This matter should be talked up before our farmers' club. They can do much towards forming a healthy public opinion. The value of sheep should be discussed; the healthfulness of the meat; the importance of the wool for family use, and for the market; the value of sheep in clearing up and cleaning up new lands; the profits of raising sheep in comparison with other animals, and the fact considered that they furnish from their backs a fine annual fleece which none other of our domestic animals do.

If the people are wrong, we must agitate, try their minds to thinking, and by-and-by the truth will come out uppermost. If we keep still, nothing will be accomplished. It is the men of action who achieve success.

F.

MARION COUNTY, Mo., Feb. 14, 73.

SOMEbody has aroused the indignation of the editor of the Greenville Independent, and he talks just like a man who was excited. Mr. Hay has hardly been in the business long enough to keep his temper unfrustrated under its many tribulations. Listen to him:

"Give us the small-pox, measles, whooping cough, cholera, pneumonia, yellow-fever, seven year itch, bed-bugs, fleas, body-lice, ticks, snakes in our boots, centipedes, lizards, scorpions, frogs, or any other evil, actual or imaginary, before inflicting upon us as a printing office, boys who reads the 'copy on the books,' pines your type, and finally winds up by telling the publishers that he is too poor to take a paper; but if he was a Gazette or Day's Doings. Such an abhorrence upon humanity is too mean to live, and too lazy to die, and his soulless mind (if he possesses anything of the kind) is unfit for even the devil."

ONE of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia, it is said, eats two raw apple every evening before he retires to rest, and thinks they not only supply food to his brain, but keep the whole system in a healthy condition.

Questions Asked and Answered on Agriculture.

We clip the following from *The Shelby County Courier*. The answers given apply with equal force to other counties in the State. The great and paramount question with the farming classes of this country is, "How shall we protect ourselves from the rings and cliques that are preying upon our substance?" We believe the correct answer is, "Unite."

Organize farmers' clubs in every county, and in every precinct in the county; consult and take hold of the matter in earnest; affiliate with district, State, and national associations, and you can declare your independence, and govern the prices of the products of mother earth:

The following series of questions, propounded by the Agricultural Bureau, are answered by the experienced agriculturist, Mr. J. D. Guthrie, the correspondent of that department from this county. We call the especial attention of our farmers to the answers, and hope to have further communications on the subject.

1. Is systematic rotation practiced by any portion of the farmers of your county? If so, what proportion of the whole number, of how many years does the course consist of what crops, in what order, and with what preparation of soil for each?

Rotations of crops are practiced by nine-tenths of our farmers from three to four years; first corn, then wheat or oats; if intended to be succeeded by clover, this crop remains on the ground two years, followed by hemp, if the soil is adapted to its growth and the price sufficiently remunerative; if rye follows corn, to be fed down to hogs at maturity, corn will follow. Rye managed in this way is considered as remunerative to the soil as two years in clover.

The ground is broken up to the depth of from six to eight inches, harrowed, and rolled if cloudy. This is generally the preparation for wheat or corn; if rye or oats after them, they are put in with double shovels twice in a row, and harrowed, if clover is to follow.

2. With those whose practice can not in any sense be described as a rotation, what crops are most grown, with what preparation, and how many years in succession is any crop cultivated?

Corn two or three years, followed by wheat, rye, or oats; then corn, which seems to be the principal crop with this class of farmers. Their soil grows less productive and less valuable year by year.

3. What efforts towards soil improvements are made? What fertilizers are used, and to what extent—commercial, barn-yard, or green-solting? Is clovering practiced, and, if so, how and to what extent?

Very little commercial fertilizers are used; barn-yard manure is hauled out on some favorite spot. Clover and rye are the main dependence to improve the productions of the soil.

4. What proportion of your farmers consume the larger portion of their field products upon the farm? Give illustrations, with accurate figures, of the comparative profit of selling and feeding hay and grain.

Ninety-nine one-hundredths of the farmers consume a large proportion of their main crops (save their surplus of wheat, hemp, and potatoes) in feeding mules, horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. The market value of corn is thirty cents per bushel, hay fifty cents per hundred pounds. One bushel of corn and forty-five pounds of hay will be ample food for a bullock three days, which ought to increase his weight six pounds, or thirty cents in value; and two hogs following to pick up the droppings would increase in weight twelve pounds, or forty-eight cents in value, making a difference in favor of feeding of twenty-five and a half cents on every bushel of corn and forty-five pounds of hay.

If corn is fed to hogs alone at the present market value of each, the difference is not so great. It will take fifteen bushels of corn, worth four dollars and a half, to increase the weight of a healthy hog one hundred and fifty pounds, or its market value six dollars—a difference of ten cents per bushel in favor of feeding.

5. What branch of farming (as the growing of corn or wheat, the raising of stock, or production of wool or meat, dairying, fruit-growing, market-gardening, etc.) is at present deemed most profitable, and why?

In interior counties like this, adapted to the growth of clover and blue-grass, and distant thirty miles from a large market, stock raising is more profitable than any other avocation on the farm; this would include sheep, were it not for the inroads of worthless curs; it requires less outlay for labor, less risk, and more remuneration to the farmer. In order to do this successfully, he must prepare himself with a sufficiency of clover hay to take his stock through the winter; this, when cut at the proper time, in full bloom, while the stalk retains all the starch and sugar, before the woody fibers form in the stem, is thought by our most intelligent farmers to retain as much or more fattening qualities for horses,

mules, cattle, or sheep, than corn, and animals will come out of winter quarters in a better condition than if fed on corn and ordinary roughness. By substituting clover hay for corn to a large extent, less of the latter need be raised; lands will improve in productivity, and their value considerably increased.

It is estimated that two and a half acres of blue-grass, if properly arranged to transfer cattle from one pasture to another, will graze a bullock from the 15th of May until the 15th of October, with an average increase in weight, by graded animals, of one hundred pounds per month, market value, \$5 50; giving the farmer a rent of \$2 20 per month on each acre of his grazing land during the season; if we deduct interest on cost per head, twenty cents per month, we have a rent on each acre of \$10, or ten per cent, interest on lands worth one hundred dollars per acre.

6. Are farm lands increasing or decreasing in value at present, and what is the average market value of farms compared with their value in 1860?

Lands in our county are decreasing in value, while they are generally held twenty per cent. higher than the price of 1860. I doubt whether sales could be effected above the price of that year.

7. What causes of discouragement exist among farmers, and what suggestions of remedies can you make? What form of co-operation or combination will aid in giving effect to such remedies?

In this age of rings and combinations of tradesmen and manufacturers, when supply and demand has nothing to do with what the farmer buys or sells, the prices of his products are generally fixed before they are ready for market; whether remunerative or not is a matter of small consideration with the dealer, while the price of his supplies and labor is sustained by tariffs, boards of trade, trade unions, including railroad freights, and other combinations, all to fatten and grow rich upon the farmer's hard earnings. While his products have depreciated fully one hundred per cent., his supplies continue nearly up to war prices, and it is only a matter of time how long he can sustain this unequal contest. If a self-evident fact that to buy at higher rates than we sell is impoverishing to individuals as well as to nations.

Well-organized farmers' clubs in every agricultural district of the country, with an annual congress of farmers composed of one delegate from each club, would have a tendency to counteract to some extent the discouraging influence that now threatens to overthrow the best interests of agriculture. Their voice would be heard in the councils of the nation, their claims considered, and their grievances adjusted. Scattered as they are over a large expanse of country, without organization or co-operation, they feel themselves powerless to counteract any influence that is now working detrimentally to their interests. In unity there is strength, and it is felt and acted upon by every class of the community, save the farmer, who, by force of circumstances, plods along the pathway of life, unaided and alone, a prey to every combination that feeds and fattens upon his industry.

A Ten Thousand Dollar Dinner.

One of the greatest pieces of extravagance on record in this country is described by a New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript. It was in the shape of a private dinner given at Delmonico's. A wealthy German importer, who had retired from business, and was about to sail for Europe, decided before leaving America, to invite his friends to dinner. Covers were ordered for seventy-four guests, and carte blanche was given to Delmonico for the dinner. The large banquet hall of that establishment was secured, the same hall where the dinners to Dickens and Tyndall were given. For nearly a week the employees of Delmonico were engaged in preparing for the dinner. A table twenty-four feet in breadth, extending the whole length of the room, was constructed. In the center of it an artificial pond was made, with a fountain, while around the fountain live swans were floating. Of course the pond was caged over. The center of the table was banked with flowers, from the water's edge, at a cost of over three thousand dollars. Perfume fountains were constructed in various parts of the table, and to the intoxication of the senses, Bernstein's full band of thirty-five pieces, was engaged to furnish the music. The dinner commenced at 8 p. m., and continued for a couple of hours, after which dancing took place until midnight, when the dinner, or supper, as it was then called, was resumed for an hour or two, followed by dancing until 4 in the morning. The bill for this dinner amounted to just ten thousand dollars.

Persons should dress to suit their figures. A hump-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a casual hair shawl.

Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? The bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is of ten sold.

TO THE MEMORY

Of Dr. B. R. Hoffman, who died at Paducah, Kansas, Oct. 27th, 1872.

Sleeping alone in his far Western bed,
In a slumber most deep and profound;
The cold, freezing winds have a requiem said
Over that corse of form in the ground.
Gone down to a palace, a dungeon, a mart—
Out through the earth's gateway so low—
Bearing no trace of the still pulsing heart
That lies beneath a lace-work of snow.

The bright star has fallen in manhood's prime,
And perished its beautiful day,
And there he must lie till the moments of time
Are lost in Eternity's day.

And the hearts at home beat slow, to-night,
With proud hopes bowed to dust,
That a year ago spoke delight
In their love and hope and trust.

Some watched the bright sunshine turn suddenly dark,
As they saw the blue eyes grow dim,
And a future of bliss went out like a spark,
And left with that messenger grim.

But not forgotten in Lethe's wave
Shall perish thy name from earth;
For tears of affection shall memory have
In scenes of sadness or sounds of mirth.

For remembrance still hallows the sacred dust,
Though it lies in the caverns of death;
Time can not so fully dampen our trust
The treasure that warmed by our breath.

We'll pause and think of thy last sad days,
When Autumn, robed in her brilliant glare,
Carried forth her funeral rays
A song, a sermon, and a prayer.

To give up life in the Springtime of youth,
To go to the glens and go home—
An answer to summons from Heaven and truth
To be spared from evils to come.

Jesus wept at the tomb of his lowly friend,
He, the Maker, the King, and the God;
He tries but our faith when our hearts he does rend,
Let us kiss, then the chastening rod.

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HOME NEWS.

Condensed from our Exchanges of last Week.

MADISON COUNTY.

A party of twelve or fifteen men rode into Richmond, about two o'clock on Monday night, 10th inst., asked for the keys to the county jail, and having procured the same from the jailer's wife, proceeded to release one Barabas, called John Brooks, in defiance of the law, robbing the meat-house of a poor negro man who gained an honest livelihood by the sweat of his brow. It was not Johnny's only offense, this robbery of the negro; but he had been often engaged in such disreputable proceedings, and was not by himself. In fact it was very positively known in his neighborhood that a band of petty thieves had an organization there, and their operations were of frequent occurrence. Arresting Brooks, Collins and Johnston, put an end to their thefts. Yet a number of other persons besides those mentioned were members of the gang, and while Brooks remained in jail, a terrible uneasiness rested on their minds lest John might blow on them; and indeed it is said that last week Brooks sent his partners, in crime, word that Circuit Court was near at hand and unless he should be rescued from the law before court began he would expose the whole concern. His threat had the desired effect, and the result was the outrage on Monday night.

MERCER COUNTY.

The People want ten candidates for the Legislature, each with a brand-new five-dollar william. Right well said. We wouldn't give a cent for a candidate who couldn't come well recommended.

The First National Bank of Harrodsburg has a new safe, having worn out their old one, crumming gold and silver and greenbacks into it. It is of the double-locking, rotary spring, convoluted, burglar-proof combination patent.

On Monday evening, the tenth inst., Mrs. Pettibone, of Harrodsburg, received a dispatch from New York, stating that her husband, Geo. S. Pettibone, was extremely ill in that city. On Tuesday morning she took the train for New York. On Wednesday a dispatch came to Harrodsburg conveying the sad intelligence that Mr. Pettibone died in New York on Monday, the 10th inst.

GARRARD COUNTY.

Rev. H. A. Smith (M. E. Church) will preach at the court-house, in Lancaster, on the first and second Sundays in each month.

The entire force on the News are members of the order of Good Templars. We infer that the editor is too, from the following:

"The Trustees of Lancaster, we are told, will take some action in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors in town. We know that they will receive the warm support of our best citizens, and the evasive blessings of many women and children, if they will prohibit its sale. All good people will, doubtless, join us in saying, let the accused thing be expelled as completely as possible, from the community, and let it not be sold either as a beverage or as a medicine. All or none."

Among the valuable and highly prized articles lost in the fire at Lancaster last week, none was more regretted than the bible which belonged to the Masonic Lodge. It had been in the possession of the order upwards of seventy years.

Things a Married Woman Cannot Help Thinking.

That she was very pretty at sixteen.

That she had, or would have had, a great many lovers.

That all her lady friends are five years older than they say they are.

That she has a very fine mind.

That if her husband had acted on her advice, he would be a rich man to-day.

That people think too much of the looks of that Miss ———, who would not be called handsome if she did not make herself up.

That her mother-in-law is a very trying woman.

That her sister-in-law takes airs, and ought to be put down.

That her girls are prettier than Mrs. A's girls.

That she would like to know where her husband spends his evenings when he stays out.

That her eldest son takes after him.

That he is going to throw himself away on Miss Craggs.

That Miss Craggs set her cap for him, and did all the courting.

That her servant girls are the worst known.

That she has taste in dress.

That she has a good temper.

That she pities old maids.

A MAN in Garrard county, who, five years ago, had a cow that dropped two calves in February, a mare that dropped two

Those of our advertisers who desire changes made in their advertisements, must hand in copy on Monday morning next.

All communications, either of an editorial or business character, should be addressed to HILTON & CAMPBELL, box 15, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTICE.

We would call the special attention of patrons and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

We would call the special attention of patrons and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We charge two dollars and a half for announcing notices for general notice, five dollars for notices of sale, and ten dollars for notices of divorce.

Subscription Paid this Week.

To prevent errors and to obviate the necessity of recouping to our subscribers, we will publish every week the names of those who pay us which shall be a receipt to them.

Religious.

Elder P. A. Millard will preach at the Walnut Flat church, on the first Sunday in April.

Personal.

The following gentlemen, merchants of Wayne county, were guests of the Commercial Hotel on Monday: Z. T. Hall, Shelby, O.; and H. H. Gibson, Monticello; D. L. Powers, Powersville, and H. T. Hall, Berryville.

Disastrous Fire—Lawrenceburg in Ashes.

On last Saturday, about noon, fire broke out in Lawrenceburg, Anderson county, Ky., and as the wind was blowing a perfect gale, and there being no fire engine in the town, the flames had uncontrolled sway, and in a very short space of time the principal part of the town was in ashes, and scores of families were made homeless and penniless.

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LOCAL BRIEFINGS.

Last Monday was St. Patrick's day.

Row your shade-trees and plant your potatoes now.

The industrious turnip is looking beautifully verdant.

Turnip greens, poached eggs, and jowl are now in order.

Mr. Robert W. Lillard and wife arrived home safely on yesterday.

We regret to have to report the present condition of Mr. Jos. McAllister is quite precarious, and his recovery extremely doubtful.

The equinoctial gale is now in order, this being the day that the sun passes the first point of Aries.

The passenger train from Louisville was delayed about four hours yesterday. No accident.

Persons who desire to purchase lots in the Buffalo Springs cemetery can do so by calling upon James Owens, who has been appointed superintendent of sales.

Mr. Henry Baughman and W. R. Carson have recently planted some beautiful swamp maples along the sidewalk in front of their property on Main street.

The regular meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society will be held in Paducah on the first Tuesday in April, and not on the second Tuesday, as stated in some of our exchanges.

Mrs. J. B. Dennis, a lady of experience and acknowledged taste, has recently associated with Mrs. J. W. Gilman, and taken charge of the man-making department of the business.

Mr. F. B. Twidwell of Hustonville, a merchant of great experience, advertises in this week's paper. Mr. T. keeps a good and full stock of goods, and sells at low figures. Call and see him.

We have had charming weather this week until yesterday, when it turned suddenly cold, and at noon began to snow a little. Our faith in that blessed little ground hog is as firm as the Rock of Ages.

An effort is being made to make up a singing-school at Boone's school-house, or Walnut Flat, to be taught by James Dullander. Those who desire to enter the class should hand their names to Sam Cook.

There are four Lodges of Good Templars in this county: Stanford, Hustonville, Crab Orchard, and Powersville. We understand that an effort will be made to combine their funds and start a temperance journal in a short time.

Mr. George R. Cooper, who has recently taken charge of the Hustonville Hotel as well as been in the advertisement in this issue, knows all about keeping a good house, and we cheerfully recommend him to the traveling public. Mr. Cooper also keeps a good live stable.

Mr. C. C. Taylor, one of the oldest and best educators in the county, has reopened his school at the Hall's Gap school-house, and will complete the session of the common school which was suspended last fall on account of bad weather. It is one of the best regulated schools in the county.

The merchants of Stanford have devoted the past few weeks to overhauling and renovating their goods, preparatory to purchasing spring supplies. They have begun to manifest that spirit of enterprise which is characteristic of Stanford business men, and will operate this season, as heretofore, upon the triple maxim, "You can't sell 'em if you haven't got 'em." They will have "fun-and-love, cord, and stock of 'em at that."

Mr. E. H. Hayden, whom we have frequently referred to as our bachelor merchant, left for Louisville and Cincinnati on Tuesday, where he will exercise his usual good taste and judgment in selecting a mammoth stock of spring goods for the market. Some one has said that when a young man begins to manifest great interest in the styles, quality, and prices of certain articles of household furniture, it is an indication that a change has come over the spirit of his dreams. If this be true, what must we infer when a couple of young bachelors extend extensively into the business.

LANDRETH'S warranted garden seeds, and silver skin onion sets, fresh and genuine, for sale by W. H. Anderson.

A Visit to Danville.

We made a brief visit to our neighboring town of Danville last Monday. It being County Court day, and Circuit Court in session, the weather beautiful and bright, there were a great many people in town. Every person we met seemed to wear a cheerful appearance, which we attribute partly to the hopes entertained by the Danville and Boyle county people of getting both the Cincinnati Southern railroad and the Central University. We want them to have the university, but we know the railroad is coming this way built.

We were glad to learn that Mr. Talbot's report in stock items. There were many fine stallions on the street, among which were J. E. P. Faulkner's Morillon, Oakley, Frank Wolford, and Hamlet; Samuel Rankin's Hippy and saddle stallion Lyle; and Wm. G. Galt's Bayonet; by Lexington; Spears & Grigsby's American Bay; Lyle & Withers' Dick Elmo; B. W. Galt's three-year-old stallion, by Hippy; A. M. Feland's gray stallion, by St. Elmo.

GENTLEMEN will find at Jno. O. McAllister's a fresh stock of ready-made clothing, furnishing goods, cloths, cassimeres and vestings, all new and of the latest styles.

Mr. D. H. Butt.

The Mayville (Missouri) Register of the 13th instant contains the salutatory of Mr. D. H. Butt, a former citizen of Somerset, and at one time a resident of this place, who has recently purchased an interest in the paper and assumed control of the editorial department. The Register is published at Mayville, De Kalb county, Missouri, at \$1.00 per annum. Subscribers to Mr. Butt.

Please Renew.

If you find a cross mark in ink after your name on the margin of this paper, or on the wrapper, it signifies that your time is out, and you are requested to renew.

FROM WAYNE COUNTY.

Correspondence Interior Journal.

MONTICELLO, Ky., March 17, 1873.

The last freeze has completely demolished the infant wheat crop. Our fields look as bare as a Hottentot's cabin floor, and it is the general opinion that, by the spring of 1874, a good harvest will be a thing not to be winked at. Although an unusual amount of wheat was raised last year, very little is left in the country now. Arthur Rankin & Brother, at Fall Creek Mills, have shipped about a thousand sacks of flour during the past winter; L. A. Lanier, at Mill Springs, shipped about twelve or fifteen thousand bushels of wheat, and other parties nearly as much.

NEW FIRM.

Messrs. H. C. Huffaker, Sr., and William Bertram are putting up a dry goods store on Gap creek, near Kelley's tanyard. It is located about nineteen in the county.

HYMENAL.

On the 9th instant, Mr. James McGuffey to Miss Lizzie Braman, both of Wayne.

On the 14th instant, R. B. Smith of Russell county to Miss Jane McBeath of Gun's Bottom, Wayne county.

REAL ESTATE SALE.

John Burnett has sold to two of his brothers his farm lying at the head of the Little South Fork. He intends emigrating to Kansas.

Samuel Gunn has sold his farm on the Cumberland, and has rented the farm of William Collette, two miles northwest of town.

Rev. William Harris has been preaching at Monticello for the past eight days. He delivered excellent discourses to large audiences. We expected something great, and were by no means disappointed.

Elder Reneau gave us two of his excellent addresses last Sunday.

SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Dr. J. B. Frisbie and others are making an effort to raise funds for the erection of a school-house in the town of Monticello. The school-house is a "forty per cent. appropriation of the whisky tax" to get a teacher.

ADAM FOULE requested us to say through your columns that, if the young lady at Monticello who proposed raising a subscription to get him a pair of pants would please hurry the matter up with as much dispatch as possible, he will feel embarrassed of measuring him, if she will embarrass him of measuring him, taking care to lengthen the terminal portions somewhat, leaving off the useless ruffles and edging, and making one or two other important changes, he will guarantee a perfect fit, and feel under obligations to her.

PERSONAL.

M. F. Fleming has gone to Georgia to engage in the mercantile business. William Butler has gone South for the purpose of collecting some money. Professor Davis's school, with forty-two pupils, and is increasing steadily. William Whitte has returned from the South. He says "there's no use in lying; if you don't make anything, say so," by which we may infer that he has not made a fortune. Messrs. H. H. Gibson, H. T. Holt, T. Hall, W. T. Francis, and Daniel Powers have gone to Louisville to lay in their spring goods. J. D. Shearer will commence another school at Fall Creek next week. Walter E. Salter has returned from his first term at the Louisville Medical College. Walter is an uncommonly active and intelligent young man, and will make a splendid "phillist." Though not exactly a case of petrifaction, it is whispered that, before many suns shall have set, one of our young ladies will turn to stone. J. B. Lanier and William Daugherty have gone to Texas—Duck to sell goods, and Will to direct the "young idea how to shoot."

The following paragraph, which we clip from an exchange, doubtless refers to one of the young men mentioned above.—Ed.

A young man named Daugherty, on his way to Texas, from Wayne county, Kentucky, was accidentally shot on board the Steamer Tyrone, while she lay at the Paducah wharf the other day. The wound is a serious but not dangerous one, but compels the wounded man to lay at Paducah for the present. He is attended by Dr. Vineyard, in whose hands the patient was when it exploded, and who was a friend and companion of young Daugherty.

GO and see the new stock of ladies' and gentlemen's gold and silver watches at E. R. Cheneau's.

LATE NEWS.

Congressman J. B. Beck is going to spend the summer in Europe.

Gov. Leslie offers a reward of \$250 for the apprehension of John Harrison, who murdered William Wilkin, in Mallettsburgh county, last month.

The Lexington Daily and Weekly Press and the Observer and Reporter have consolidated. The Lexington Statesman (Republican) announces its intention to suspend unless something is done to help sustain it.

Two of the largest wholesale houses in Louisville, J. S. Lithgow & Co., and Muldoon & Co., have called a meeting of their creditors to request extension on their paper. It is hoped that they will be able to effect an arrangement that will enable them to continue operations.

Adam Harper sued J. Wallace Harper for slander, in charging him with the murder of Charles and Betsy Harper, which occurred in Woodford county in the Fall of 1871. The trial of the case was concluded at Georgetown last Friday, the verdict of the jury was in favor of the defendant. The evidence for the defense showed that there were strong reasons to suspect that the plaintiff was really guilty of the murder.

HEADQUARTERS for wall paper—E. B. Hayden's.

Cincinnati Southern Railroad.

The formal acceptance of the charter granted by the Kentucky Legislature for the construction through the State of the Cincinnati Southern Railway was delivered to Governor Leslie by W. A. Gunn, chief engineer of the company, or rather of the trustees. If the building of the road is delayed as long, proper as it has taken the trustees to decide upon the acceptance or rejection of the charter, that great thoroughfare will be ready for the transmission of passengers and freight commodities about the year 2000. A number of routes have been surveyed—a good many more of them than were required for the route of the Pacific Railroad, on the site of the Rocky Mountains; still the surveys are uncompleted, and people have no idea where a route will run, if it ever runs at all. There are those who were among the most energetic friends of the measure who have become disgusted with the way the trustees have acted, and who do not hesitate to express their conviction that Cincinnati awaits future legislation, and that the road will never be built except by Kentucky contributions. Under the present charter, the road is to be owned and controlled by the trustees, and Kentucky contributions and subscriptions can only be the nature of donations, no matter what the action of future Legislature may be.—Courier-Journal.

Fire in Shelby City.

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